

Good Morning 623

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

For Them—a Real Joy For You—a Good Living

THIS, the fourth of my articles advising you how to open and run successful post-war businesses, is the shortest and simplest yet.

But you'll find that even the simplest-looking business has somewhere in it a bundle of tricks of the trade; those knacks and systems which it would normally take you a pretty long apprenticeship to find out for yourself.

And as "finding out" is a question of trial and error, it's a process that's difficult and possibly dangerous. Because, here's the paradox, the newcomer in business cannot afford to make mistakes; yet he cannot learn without making mistakes. And then, what?

And then—that's where Jack Trader comes in. I'm trying to solve that paradox for you by giving you the inside story—a story which normally you would have had to learn the hard way.

TO-DAY'S business is:

THE TOY TRADE.

First of all, let's look at the background of the trade as a whole.

Before the war, a good sixty per cent. of all toys sold in this country came from abroad; Germany and Japan found our kids a good market. The Japs supplied the cheap lines; the Germans specialised in mechanical toys. Well, we can take it for granted that those two competitors are out of it for good.

To-day, the situation's like this:

Toys are scarce, badly made and extravagantly expensive.

In other words, the market's wide open.

But—don't throw your hats in the air just yet—one word of warning. The market being "wide open" works both ways; if it is true that every child in this country is clamouring for decent toys, it is equally true that you—the newcomer to the trade—might have considerable difficulty in getting stocks. And what's the use of an empty shop, brother?

So my advice to you is: make sure you can get steady supplies and, until you're sure, don't open the business.

JACK TRADER SHOWS YOU HOW TO RUN A TOY BUSINESS

You must concentrate on two age groups: the youngest (1-5) and the middle (8-11). Why?

For two reasons: (a) the profits on the kind of toys most popular among these age-groups is higher than on other kinds of toys, and (b) kids in these age-groups smash up toys quickly and tire of the same toys—which means more trade for you. Easy—once you know!

So, when you decide to open your business, do this:

Plan your stock lists. Say: six dozen soft play-balls, so-many rattles, so-many soft "cuddle" toys (Teddy Bears and so on). That takes in group one. Then, so-many wooden carts, so-many toy trains (wood), so-many boats on wheels, and so on. That takes in group two.

For your other stocks—mechanical toys for the boy of fourteen; make-them-yourself kits; dolls with full sets of underwear and eyes-that-move and so on—order a little more than half the amount of toys you've marked for groups one and two.

In a general article like this, I can't name exact figures, because much depends on your capital and where you're opening up. It would be no use your buying, say, an electric train set unless you're setting up in a fairly well moneyed district. But, if you'll let me know what capital you can raise and what districts you have in mind, I'll give you personal advice.

Trick-of-the-trade Number Two:

Have a big window—as big as you can make it. Then pack it from top to bottom with toys, toys and more toys. If at most times of the day there's a couple of kids with their noses jammed to the window—then that's a good note and I'll get busy on your behalf. When I say that I'm here to help you boys of the Submarine Service, I mean just that and nothing else.

Okay. Let's get down to the practical side of running your business.

Here's trick-of-the-trade Number One:

Young David proudly Shows a Picture of "My Daddy"—It's L.Tel. Harry Hatton



WE didn't copy your habit of surprising your wife by arriving unexpectedly when we called at 14, Treadgar-road, Bow, E.3. Leading Telegraphist Harry Hatton. We let her know in plenty of time that we were coming.

If David keeps growing at his present rate you certainly won't recognise him on your next visit, though he will certainly know you.

He proudly showed us a photograph of "my Daddy," and he keeps asking when you're coming home.

We're sorry to have to let you down Harry, but we must record the fact that your wife said you were "not too good" about you.

Well, you don't get much chance to practice, and we expect you'll show her a thing or two when you get home. "Not too good" indeed!

We have a lot of greetings for you from Dolly, Laura and Winnie, from George and Eddie and from all your family. Both Bill Carpenter and nephew Teddy have recovered and are out of hospital, and we were assured they would wish to be remembered to you.

So, until you are able to get round to the old Odeon again, Harry, you'll know that there are plenty of people thinking about you.

Furthermore, get in touch with your local Children's Clubs, Youth movements and so on. Children are your customers. Get to know them.

Here's another gentle tip: children, when they're excited are apt to say suddenly, "Mamma-ee-wees" (or whatever the code-word may happen to be in the family). Well, if the mother has to run around looking for somewhere the small son can do his business—it might mean a lost sale. So, see if you can't screen off some place.

Now, about the shop layout. Think of it in these terms: here's Aladdin's Cave. So—bright colours, plenty of light, toys hanging from the ceiling. Around the walls have a tier of shelves: the lowest not more than two-and-a-half feet high. On this lowest shelf, place toys that are unbreakable. On the further shelves—out of reach of children, have your more expensive—and breakable toys.

Now—the question of the "rush season"—Christmas. Start getting ready for this at the latest by October. Multiply the best sales of any previous month by three—and that's the sort of stock you'll need.

And, if you'll take my tip you'll make your own Christmas stockings. It's easy. Just in, complete with grown-up, good-will, which means trade, netting and novelties: if you

In each of these articles, apart from the straight inside information on the various businesses I add something that is basic to every good trading venture. Last week I talked about IDEAS. This week, I'm touching on SELF-ORGANISATION.

Without labouring the point, let me insist that every business needs INITIATIVE. That is, the ability to act without orders. And initiative can be developed.

Start like this: at the beginning of each day's work, note down what you have to do that day. Be thorough in your list. Then, add the question: What else can I do to further my business? And, think hard over this question. Is there nothing else you can do to-day? And organise your time so as to get in everything that you have jotted down as that day's "duties." Never leave any item undone.

After a time, this habit will become second-nature to you. And you'll find it pays. It means you are learning to control and organise yourself.

If there's anything else you'd like to know about—or if I haven't as yet touched on the business you're most interested in—drop me a line. I guarantee to help you. The address is:

JACK TRADER,
c/o GOOD MORNING.

Your heir asked: "What about Pamela?" A.B. Wilfred Laver

SORRY we missed you when we called at 38, Eastbourne-road, East Ham E.6. A.B. Wilfred Laver. We'd have liked to hear what you think of the paper.

Anyway, Wilfred, we got a photograph of your family, which was what we wanted, so everyone is happy, although your three-year-old heir certainly wasn't so happy when he saw us taking a photograph of young Pamela.

"What are they going to do to Pamela?" he asked, which just shows that although you are away your son is looking after the family and the home for you. Wilfred later got to trust us enough to want us to tell you to hurry home, and this message was heartily endorsed by your wife.



"Vivienne, I have got to have you!" "When do you want me?" the lovely girl asked . . . O. HENRY the master storyteller supplies a surprise ending to this

ONE DAY TALE

ROBBINS, fifty, something of Hartley scowled him into a hotel palm-rooms, pretended Robbins had got his cane and set his tie-pin to his liking, and with a debonair nod went to be envious of his partner's commuter's joys.

"Going to be something out to his metropolitan amusements."

"Here is the address," said the detective in a natural tone, being deprived of an audience to foil:

Hartley, twenty-nine, serious, thin, good-looking, nervous, sighed and frowned a little.

"Yes," said he, "we always have cool nights in Flora-hurst, especially in the winter."

A man with an air of mystery came in the door and went up to Hartley.

"I've found where she lives," he announced in the portentous half-whisper that makes the detective at work a marked being to his fellow men.

"You needn't go on," in-

QUIZ for today

1. Gallium is a French coat, printer's proof - sheet, rare metal, tray of jewels?
2. How many separate parts are there in a violin?
3. What is the difference between (a) teetsee, and (b) tssetse?
4. What is the meaning of the names (a) Arthur, (b) Albert?

5. What is the other common name of the plant, Stinking Willie?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Adagio, Allegro, Amoroso, Allegro, Arioso.

Answers to Quiz in No. 622

1. Musical instrument.
2. Russian guitar; triangular.
3. (a) line of sight, (b)
4. (a) Bold as a bear; (b) loud-voiced.
5. Ground ivy.
6. Cream is not named after a fruit; others are.

"GIRL"

terrupted the broker. "It looking at her pleadingly, "you Isn't a case of that kind. I did not answer my last letter. merely wanted the address. How much shall I pay you?"

"One day's work," said the sleuth. "A tenner will cover it."

Hartley paid the man and waiting to see you and hear from you?"

The girl looked out the window dreamily.

"Mr. Hartley," she said and that the girl you get will

what to say to you. I realise be a lucky one. I learned all all the advantages of your about you when I was at the offer, and sometimes I feel Montgomerys."

sure that I could be contented

with you. But, again, I am with a tender reminiscent light doubtful. I was born a city in his eye; "I remember well girl, and I am afraid to bind the evening I first saw you to myself to a quiet suburban the Montgomerys". Mrs. Montgomery was sounding your praises to me all the evening.

"My dear girl," said Hartley ardently, "have I not And she hardly did you just told you that you shall have tice. I shall never forget that everything that your heart supper. Come, Vivienne, promises that is in my me. I want you. You'll never regret coming with me. No one else will ever give you as pleasant a home."

The girl sighed and looked down at her folded hands.

A sudden jealous suspicion seized Hartley.

"Tell me, Vivienne," he asked, regarding her keenly, "is there another—is there someone else?"

A rosy flush crept slowly over her fair cheeks and neck.

"You shouldn't ask that, Mr. Hartley," she said, in some confusion. "But I will tell you. There is one other—but he has no right—I have promised him nothing."

"His name?" demanded Hartley sternly.

"Townsend."

"Rafford Townsend!" exclaimed Hartley, with a grim tightening of his jaw. "How did that man come to know you? After all I've done for him—"

"His auto has just stopped below," said Vivienne, bending over the window-sill. "He's coming for his answer. Oh, I don't know what to do!"

The bell in the flat kitchen whirred. Vivienne hurried to press the latch button.

"Stay here," said Hartley. "I will meet him in the hall."

Townsend, looking like a Spanish grandee in his light tweeds, Panama hat and curling black moustache, came up the stairs three at a time. He

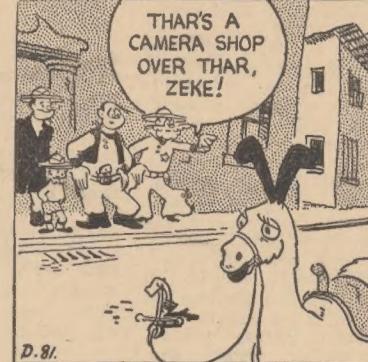
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FAMILIAR PHRASES—By JACK MONK



Stand by Tubes.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



A MODERN Rip Van Winkle was discovered by a commercial traveller in Cornwall recently. Near Polbathick he picked up a well-dressed old fellow, about 80, he guessed, and gave him a lift as far as Liskeard.

Here the old chap fished out a handful of money, and, holding out threepence, said benevolently, "Here you are, my lad, buy yourself a pint of beer."

When the surprised "commercial" retorted that a pint cost one-and-four nowadays, the old boy—who must have been tucked away out of the world for a few years—insisted that he should "get himself a packet of cigarettes."

A NORTHERN correspondent gives me a little item of news which will be welcome to you, A.B. Edward Duffield. At home in Marton Grove, Inglemire Lane, Hull, we saw your mother, and she asked us to tell you that your father is now a lot better in health. The oranges you sent had gone "off" by the time they reached home; still, there was compensation in the nuts, which all enjoyed.

WANGLING WORDS—562

1. Behead an article of clothing and get a useful implement.

2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?

Si lal dolg ton strelgis hatt.

3. What famous English portrait painter had NO for the exact middle of his name?

4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order:

That ————— me that beer was good for my chickens.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 561

1. P-ale.
2. "The dog it was that died."
3. Gainsborough.

JANE

While Baby-Face searches the bell-tower...



SHE'S NOT HERE, SMILER!



Jane has been swept from the waterfall into the moat!



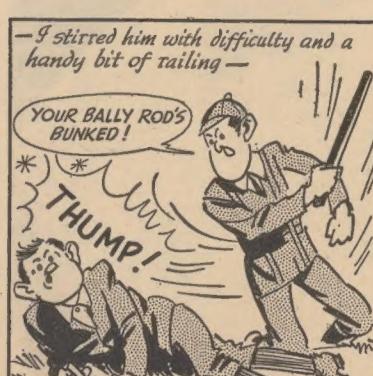
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



"To-night," he said resolutely. "I will send her away to-night."

"Then," said Vivienne, "my answer is Yes! Come for me when you will."

She looked into his eyes with a sweet, sincere light in her hour. Hartley could scarcely believe that her surrender was true, it was so swift and complete.

"Promise me," he said feelingly, "on your word and honour."

"On my word and honour," repeated Vivienne softly.

Hartley cringed as if from an unexpected blow. He folded his arms and paced the carpet once or twice.

"She shall go," he declared grimly. Drops stood upon his brow. "Why should I let that woman make my life miserable? Never have I seen one day of freedom from trouble since I have known her. You are right, Vivienne. Héloïse must be sent away before I can take you home. But she shall go. I have decided.

"To-morrow," she repeated, with a smile of truth and candour.

In an hour and forty minutes Hartley stepped off the train at Floralhurst. A brisk walk of ten minutes brought him to the gate of a handsome two-storey cottage set upon a wide and well-tended lawn. Halfway to the house he was met with a woman with jet-black braided hair and flowing white

summer gown, who half strangulated him without apparent cause.

When they stepped into the hall she said:

"Mamie's here. The auto is coming for her in half an hour. She came to dinner, but there's no dinner."

"I've something to tell you," said Hartley. "I thought to break it to you gently, but since your mother is here we may as well out with it."

He stooped and whispered something at her ear.

His wife screamed. Her mother came running into the hall. The dark-haired woman screamed again—the joyful scream of a well-beloved and petted woman.

"Oh, mamma!" she cried ecstatically, "what do you think? Vivienne is coming to

cook for us! She is the one that stayed with the Montgomeries a whole year.

"And now, Billy, dear," she concluded, "you must go right down into the kitchen and discharge Héloïse. She has been drunk again the whole day long."

THE END

ALEX CRACKS

Tough! Why, he was wrecked on the desert island with a cargo of tinned food and no can opener.

Now he says tomatoes have no flavour unless he eats the tin with them.

* * *

Wife: "You never looked at me like that."

Bored Hubby: "You never looked like that."

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Knotty point.

1	2	3		4	5	6	7	8
9			10					11
12		13			14			
15				16				
17		18	19			20		
21	22	23		24	25			
26	27		28	29				
30	31		32	33				
34	35		36					
37		38		39				
40			41					

- 4 Hurry.
9 Bird.
10 Merit.
12 Boy's name.
14 Close.
15 Silk stuff.
16 Coin.
17 Former.
18 Mean.
21 Beak.
23 Letter.
24 Consume.
26 Struck out.
29 Mutual.
31 Triumphed.
32 British Isle.
34 Brawl.
36 Governing body.
37 Rummaged.
39 Pearl.
40 Under.
41 Short county.

OWN	LEFT	PTO
REIGN	ORION	BANISHMENT
SNUB	NAIVE	VOGUE SEAT
IRREGULARS	TOKEN SKIRL	PEN RABIDLY
ANY	DUE	AL SEVEN
	LAY	P NOMADIC LATE
		SNUB NAIVE
		IRREGULARS
		TOKEN SKIRL
		ANY DUE LAY

1 Elect. 2 Abated. 3 Single group. 4 The girl. 5 Because. 6 Foreign gentleman. 7 Girl singer. 8 Girl's name. 10 Inhabitant. 11 Unit of work. 13 Energy. 16 Covered with drops. 19 Formal. 20 Went sailing. 22 Fore! 25 Tribal emblems. 27 Leal. 28 Row. 30 Away. 33 Challenge. 35 Plunder. 36 Stitch. 38 Proceed.

Tales of Taverns

Where Highwaymen Ruled the Roost

TERROR of the high-roads between London, Kingston and Wimbledon in the late eighteenth century was a famous thug named Jeremiah Abershaw. His favourite haunt was Putney Bottom, where, from the woody thickets which fringed the Portsmouth Road, he used to spring out on his unsuspecting prey. As headquarters he used the "Bald Faced Stag," near Kingston.

There was another inn of this name just outside London, which was demolished in the year before the war. In the bricked-up fireplace workmen found three old blunderbusses, which were thought to belong to Dick Turpin, who often used the inn.

Like Hampstead Heath, the heath at Hounslow was also the haunt of highwaymen in the boyhood days of the grandfathers of some of us. They were continually pouncing on the Bristol Mail, the famous stage coach which had to cross the long, lonely heath after leaving London. Favourite resorts of these desperate gentry of the road hereabouts were the "Red Lion Inn" and the "Green Man" at Hatton, where they ruled in the way that gangsters do.

Hawkins, son of a Staines farmer, used to serve in the tap-room of the "Red Lion," but, soon tiring of this occupation, he formed with Sympson a gang who specialised in mail-coach hold-ups, and for many years the pair of them plied a lucrative trade on the Heath.

Members of what was now a pretty sizeable gang were constantly caught, but the remnants, nothing daunted, easily gathered fresh converts, who vied keenly with their teachers for the rich spoils to be had from the coaches.

The "Bowl Inn," Holborn, too, knew scores of these gangsters of old. Swift, writing of notorious Tom Clinch on his way to the gallows at Tyburn (Marble Arch), tells how Clinch game to the end:

"Stop at the Bowl for a bottle of sack, And promised to pay for it when he came back."

M. T.

Heard This Before?

Wife: "Sorry I'm late home; I've been talking to Mrs. Green for the last three hours."

Husband: "M-m. Expect you were talking about something darned silly."

Wife: "Yes, dear. It was about you."

Good Morning



THIS ENGLAND. Believe it or not, this is a "Portal House." But it's not the kind you were going to live in (that is, before they decided that they wouldn't build "Portals" after all). It's a cottage on Lord Portal's estate at Freefolk, a model village in a lovely setting by the quiet waters of the River Test in Hampshire.

BEAUTIFUL—BUT NOT DUMB!
Rosemary La Planche was chosen "Miss America" at an Atlantic City beauty contest in 1941. And that, by rights, should have been the end of the story. But not for Rosemary. Beneath that copper cloud is a set of brains that tick over very nicely, thank you. And they've been ticking to such good purpose that Rosemary's already made eight rattling good pictures for RKO Radio.



"Madonna-like beauty" was our cameraman's description of this Mexican maid. Which isn't bad for him! He must have drifted into a picture gallery in mistake for "the pictures" at some time or other.



JACK (BUCK RYAN) MONK STOOGES FOR SYD DE HEMPSEY—THE WIZARD OF THE PACK



Four aces are placed upon the table—the ace of spades is then placed in the empty glass and three ordinary cards are placed behind the ace of spades.



Jack Monk is next asked to count a few cards on to each of the three aces that are on the table. (He can just about manage this arduous task).



Syd next takes a few cards from Mr. Monk, which he places down upon the table.



Presto! Upon looking through the cards on the table, the aces have disappeared. Lifting up the glass, Mr. de Hempsey extracts the four aces. After that two pints are made to disappear very rapidly!

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Monk's favourite card trick is 'Find the Lady'."

